

# The Passionate LOVER:

O R,  
*The Damsels Grief Crown'd with Comforts.*

To a pleasant New Play-house Tune, much in Request.

This may be Printed, R. P.



Maid.

Sighs and groans, and melancholly moans,  
I languish and anguish in dolefull Tones,  
For him I loved dear I do complain.  
Because his company I can't refrain.

Man.

Sighs and groans you say you are oppress'd,  
You say I am he whom you loved best,  
But if it be so, and your heart be true,  
Then I will bear a part as well as you.

Maid.

Men are deceitfull, who can them believe?  
Their flattering words, they Maids deceive  
With their Ruby Lips, and their tempting Eye,  
They terrifie poor Maidens till they dye,

What cares he that never felt the smart  
Of this my languishing Love-sick Heart;  
Had you a sence of what I do endure,  
Then you in love would grant a speedy cure.

'Tis pale Death that now must give me ease,  
For there is nothing else my Heart can please,  
Then on my Tomb alas! it shall be read,  
That here lies a loyal Lover dead.

Man.

Thou hast no cause my dearest to complain,  
For as I am thy Love I will remain,  
Do but believe me, thou shalt be my Bride,  
For I value none in the World beside.

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Done but thee my Love I adore,  
Thy blessings dearest here I will restore,  
Dry up thy Tears, and take this tender kiss,  
Being in token of a true Loves bliss.  
Maid.

Woe I sure that these thy words were true,  
Then might I bid my sorrows quite adieu,  
Yet I have known Men say as much as this,  
And then have left their Lovers in distress.

For when they have brought us to their beds,  
They then do prove our final overthrow,  
True hearted Men I find there is but few,  
Nay, I may say the very same by you.

Done but I, you say you do adore,  
Have you not said as much as this before,  
When you declar'd that I should be your wife,  
And yet you left me near bereav'd of Life.  
Man.

When I left my love, it was to try  
Thy pure affections, and thy constancy.  
I know when Cupid doth Mens hearts invade,  
Females have oftentimes the Tyrants play'd.

But I find my Love is none of those,  
Therefore my heart to thee I will disclose;  
Thy Loyalty my purest Love hath won,  
'Tis none I prize but thee beneath the Sun.

We'll never part while I remain alive.  
Then let thy drooping Spirits now revive,  
The very Mo untains shall as soon remove,  
As I found disloyal to my Love.

Now when he had uttered forth his mind,  
There was no grief, but both to love inclin'd,  
Where he embrac'd her in his tender arms,  
With many sweet salutes and pleasing charms.

Thus was tears straight turned into joy,  
There's nothing can their comforts annoy,  
By solemn vows their hearts are linked fast,  
And live in love, as long as life shall last.

Printed for P. Brooksby, I. Deacon, I. Blare,  
I. Back.